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The Dreamer



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Chapter 1 by McG

It is 3 o'clock in the morning and I have found myself in my old safe haven. I am sitting in the left center outfield bleachers looking into my old baseball field. I sit motionless looking out at the sprinkler that symbolized my lowest moment. In high school I had one focus. Sports was my life, it defined me and determined every decision I made. When the ball was hit into centerfield I was innocent and happy. I ran into that god damn sprinkler and lost everything. I tripped and hyperextended my knee tearing it in three places. It's been three years now and I still don't feel the same. After two years in college and I thought I would have found the answer. Temporary solutions, such as drugs and alcohol, only numb the pain. When I fell I lost football, basketball, baseball, rugby, soccer, volleyball, surfing... how do I fill the void? How do I continue to dream when everything I love is lost?

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